THE
Archbiſhop of CAMBRAY's

Meditations and Soliloquies,

On various Religious Subjects;

WITH

DIRECTIONS for a HOLY LIFE.

Alſo

A LETTER concerning RELIGION,

In FRENCH and ENGLISH,

By the ſame AUTHOR.

'On Divine Love to meditate is Peace,
'And makes all Care of meaner Things to ceaſe.'

WALLER, Canto. 6.

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THE PREFACE.

THE Character of the Archbiſhop of Cambray *is ſo well known and eſtabliſh'd, that 'tis needleſs to ſay any thing of him in order to enhance the Value of the following Meditations and Soliloquies, or to excite the Reader to a Peruſal of them. All that is neceſſary the Reader ſhould be told is, that the Tranſlation is made from a Copy of the ſumptuous Edition of his* OEUVRES SPIRITUELLES, *publiſh'd ſome Years ſince in* Holland, *under the Direction of his Nephew, the* Marquis de FENELON, *Ambaſſador to the States, which Edition differs from all the preceeding Editions in divers Places.*

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THE

THE

Archbiſhop of CAMBRAY's

Meditations and Soliloquies.

I. *On the* ADVENT.

NOW, O Lord, I will inwardly collect all the Powers of my Soul, that I may adore in Silence the Myſteries of thy Son, and wait for his being born in my Heart. Come, Lord Jeſus; Come Holy Spirit of Truth and Love, who didſt form him in the Womb of the Holy Virgin.

I wait for thy Coming, O Holy Jeſus! as did the Prophets and Patriarchs. Let me wiſhfully ſay with them, *Drop down, ye Heavens, from above, and let the Skies pour down Righteouſneſs: Let the Earth open, and let them bring forth Salvation, and let Righteouſneſs ſpring up together. I the Lord have created it.** Thou art come once already; and the holy Ancients have ſeen *the Deſire of Nations:* But thy People know thee not: *The Light ſhined*

* Iſaiah xlv. 8.

in the Midſt of Darkneſs, and the Darkneſs comprehended it not. Why tarrieſt thou? Come, Lord, once more; Come and ſmite the Earth, and convince blind Mortals. O King, of whom the Princes of the World are but a faint Image, let thy Kingdom come: O! when ſhall this Kingdom and Reign of Righteouſneſs, Peace and Truth, drop down from above? Thy Father has given thee all Nations: He has given thee all Power in Heaven and on Earth; and yet Thou art unknown, rejected and betrayed! O when ſhall this harden'd World be judg'd; and when ſhall the Day of thy Triumph be? Raiſe us up, O God, raiſe us up; judge thy own Cauſe; deſtroy the Wicked with the Breath of thy Mouth; deliver thy Children; juſtify thyſelf in this notable Day in the Sight of all Nations: 'Tis thy Glory and not our own which we ſeek.

O Lord, I love thee for thy own Sake, and not for myſelf. I mourn, I pine with Grief, ſeeing Iniquity prevail on Earth, and thy Goſpel trampled under Foot. I mourn, finding myſelf ſubject to Vanity unwillingly. How long, O Lord, wilt thou leave thy Heritage deſolate? Come then, Lord Jeſus, lift up the Light of thy Countenance upon us. This World is nothing to me, its Ruin is at hand, and the Heavens ſhall paſs away as a Scroul;

Scroul: This Earth overſpread with Wickedneſs, ſhall be burnt up, and renew'd by the Fire of thy Vengeance: The Stars ſhall fall and their Light be extinguiſh'd: The Elements ſhall melt with fervent Heat, and all Nature be conſumed. O how will the Wicked tremble and ſtand aghaſt at this amazing Sight! As for me, I cry out with Filial Love and Confidence in thee, ſtrike Lord, and enhance thy Glory at the Expence of every thing that offends thy Holineſs. Smite me and ſpare me not, ſo that I may be purified, and made worthy of Thee. Alas! This fooliſh World is only taken up with momentary Pleaſures which ſoon vaniſh. All Things on Earth will quickly periſh, and yet we are taken up with them as if they were to laſt for ever. Heaven and Earth will vaniſh as Smoke, but thy Word alone abideth for ever. O Divine Truth! thou art not at all known. Lying Vanity is ador'd and occupies the Heart of Man. Every thing is falſe and deceitfull: Every thing that is the Object of Senſe; every thing that is meaſur'd and circumſcrib'd by Time, is Nothing. Muſt then ſuch a vain Phantom be thought ſolid, and the immutable Truth a Dream? Alas! why Lord doſt thou ſuffer ſuch Infatuation? The whole World is in a dead Sleep: Awaken it, O Lord, by thy Light. As for me, I deſire

nothing but Thee, I expect nothing beſides Thee. I ſeem to ſee the Lightning juſt departing from thy Arm to quaſh the Proud, and take Vengeance on them for thy long Forbearance; and far from looking at Death with Surpriſe, I behold it as the happy Deliverance of thy Children: Yea, Lord, we ſhall ſurely die, and of a ſudden the pernicious Enchantment ſhall be broken. Then thou ſhalt no more be offended; I ſhall love Thee only; I ſhall love myſelf no more. O how I love thy Coming! Already, according to thy Precept, I lift up my Eyes in Expectation of Thee. I run tranſported with Love, as the firſt of thy Apoſtles did, to meet my Lord. 'Tis true, I am weak, miſerable, and frail, muſt confeſs I have every thing to fear, wert thou to judge me according to the Rigour of thy Juſtice. But the more weak and frail I am, the more Reaſon I have to conclude, that Life is a Danger and Death a Favour.

O Lord take away Sin: Come and rule in me: Make me renounce myſelf, and I ſhall be wholly thine. Ah, what have I to do in this World? What can I deſire in this Vale of Tears, where Vice is predominant, and Good rarely to be found? Nothing but thy Will and Pleaſure can retain me here. I love nothing that I ſee, and will no more love myſelf. I will love only thy Coming.

II. *On* St. Thomas *the* Apostle.

OPEN my Understanding, O Lord, enlarge my Heart, that I may comprehend and feel the Gifts thou wert pleas'd to bestow on this Apostle. O Holy Spirit that didst fill him! fill me also; inspire me, and transform me into a new Creature. O Father of Light and Mercy! thou makest of Men what thou pleasest: They seem no longer to be Men when thou speakest. What is this weak and timorous Man, despicable in the Eyes of the World, poor, illiterate, and ignorant? Where goes he? What does he think to do? To change and convert whole Nations, even the most remote, where the greatest Conquerors were never able to penetrate with their Arms, and to discover a new World, and there plant the Gospel. Surely he who undertakes all this, must be entirely dead to Self and his own Wisdom, and greatly in love with the Foolishness of the Cross. 'Tis thus, O consuming Spirit! thou art pleas'd to divest thy dear Children entirely of their own Wisdom and Judgment, and of all human Policy and rational Means. Thou callest that which is not, to confound that which is. Thou chusest that which is most despis'd and the meanest, to do

that

that in the Sight of Men which is greateſt and next to impoſſible. Thou art jealous of the Glory of thy Work, and wilt not found it but upon Nothing. Thou diggeſt till thou comeſt to Nothing, to fix it upon, as wiſe Builders dig till they come to a Rock to fix their Buildings upon. Dig then, O Lord, into me till nothing be found. O all-conſuming Spirit! turn and overturn every thing in me, leave nothing of Self, conſume every thing that all may be made anew. Let thy Creature become entirely new, and let not ſo much as a Trace of the old Plan be ſeen. And thus, having disfigur'd and effaced every thing, and reduced all to a mere Nothing, I ſhall become all things in Thee; for when I have nothing in my ſelf to rely upon, I ſhall be faſhion'd in thy Hand, all manner of Ways, according to thy Purpoſe. 'Tis through the total Deſtruction and perfect Nothingneſs of Self, that I ſhall enter into and partake of thy Divine Fullneſs. O who can comprehend it! O where ſhall I find Souls, that have a Deſire and Longing for this total Deſtruction! If never ſo little of Self be preſerv'd we are ſtinted. And how good or ſpecious ſoever what we reſerve alive may appear, if 'tis even retain'd for a Sacrifice to God, 'tis no better than a Robbery; for every thing is his Due, ſince every thing comes from him. The more pure the

Gifts

Gifts are, the more jealous is he of our retaining them to ourſelves on any ſcore. Nothing leſs, therefore, than a total Deſtruction, makes us his true Inſtruments.

Make me, O Lord, like unto *Thomas* thy Apoſtle. He was of the Number of thoſe devoted Souls of whom 'tis ſaid, *great Grace was upon them all.* He was nothing for Riches, for Reputation, for great Talents and Capacity, or even for Virtue. He was nothing but very Weakneſs in whom thou tookeſt Pleaſure to ſhew forth thy Power. He travelled to the *Eaſt Indies*, and preach'd the Goſpel to a People who ſat in Darkneſs and in the Region and Shadow of Death; who had not any Glimpſe or Diſcerning of thy Light. The World, ſuch as it is, critical and bad, Haters of Good, hard and untractable, falſe and deceiving even to cheat their own Souls; Deſpiſers and Haters of the Truth, ſtrangely taken with Flattery and lying Vainty, was not able to reſiſt this Man; who being Nothing in himſelf, was All Things in God. God ſpeaks in his poor miſerable Creature, and that Word by which the World was made, renovates him. O Lord! I underſtand it, and exceedingly rejoice in the Holy Spirit in comprehending it: Thou haſt hid it from the Wiſe and Prudent, They ſhall never comprehend it; but to Babes and Sucklings thou revealeſt it. All is compriz'd

priz'd in becoming little and nothing. So long as we are Something, we are Nothing, and fit for Nothing.

That alſo which remains the moſt hidden, and, to Appearance, of the beſt kind, reſiſts every thing God would do, and ſtops his Almighty Hand. But of what vaſt Extent is this Truth? Alas! where is the Soul who has Courage enough to be Nothing, and part with All; Great Parts and Wit, Friendſhip, Reputation, Honour, and every acquir'd Virtue? Where ſhall we find theſe devoted Souls, theſe Children of Faith? We are for doing as *Thomas* did when an Unbeliever, We muſt ſee and feel and be certain of the Gifts of Chriſt, and our Advancement; but * *bleſſed are thoſe who Believe and ſee not*, who worſhip God in Spirit and in Truth, by the Sacrifice of all that is in us! This is the Apoſtolick Life, and being transform'd into Chriſt.

* John xx. 29.

III. *On* Christ's Nativity.

O Infant Jesus! I adore thee lying in a Manger, naked and crying. I love nothing now but thy Infancy and Poverty. O who will vouchsafe to make me as poor and as much a Child as thou art! O Eternal Wisdom reduced to Childhood! take from me my vain and arrogant Wisdom; make me a little Child with thee. Be silent, ye Wise of this World; I will be Nothing; I will know nothing; I will believe all; I will part with all, even with my own Reason and Judgment.

Blessed are the Poor, but indeed the Poor in Spirit, whom Jesus has made like to himself in the Manger, and whom he has divested of their own Reason. O ye wise in your own Thoughts, shrewd in your Designs, eloquent in your Discourse, I am afraid of you; your Greatness frights me as Children are frighted with Giants. I am for none but Children of the Offspring of the Holy Infancy. The Word made Flesh, the all-powerful Word of the Father, is silent, mutters and cries out as a Child; and shall I value myself upon my Wisdom, and plume myself with the Exactness of my Judgment, and even fear lest the World should not have an adequate Opinion of my Capacity! No, no, I will be of the Number of those blessed Children, who part

with All that they may gain All; who are ſollicitous of nothing for themſelves; who matter not in the leaſt if the World deſpiſe them, and look upon them as Fools and Ideots. Let the World pride itſelf in its Greatneſs as much as it pleaſes, and let even well-meaning Men, of Repute for their Zeal and good Works, increaſe daily in Prudence, Foreſight, and regular Meaſures, and in Eſteem for Virtue; as for me, my Delight ſhall be to grow leſs and leſs, to be little, to abaſe myſelf, to be hidden, to be ſilent, to be counted weak and paſs for ſuch; to join to the Reproach and Shame of Jeſus crucify'd, the Weakneſs and Childhood of Jeſus the Infant.—We had rather die with him and ſuffer his Pains, than be ſwaddled with him in the Cradle. Littleneſs gives us more Pain and Horror than Death, becauſe we can ſuffer Death through an heroic Principle and Greatneſs of Soul; but to be no more accounted of than a Child, and have no more an Eſteem for ourſelves; to fall again into Childhood as old and decrepid Perſons do, and be a May-Game and Sport, and ſee with a clear View the Deriſion made of ſuch a State and Condition: This, I ſay, is the moſt painful and inſupportable Croſs to a great and heroic Soul, which can comfort itſelf under every thing elſe by the Strength of its Reaſon and Courage.

O Wiſ-

O Wiſdom, Courage, Reaſon and Virtue! Ye are the laſt Things which the Soul that dies to Self has to give up and relinquiſh. Every thing elſe coſts but little, 'tis ſlight, and no more than caſting off our Cloaths; but to part with our Wiſdom, which is the very Life of our Soul, is like tearing off the Skin, 'tis burning us alive, 'tis piercing us in our Bowels, and to the very Marrow of the Bone. But methinks I hear my Reaſon ſay, What, muſt we then ceaſe to be rational? Muſt be become Fools and Bedlamites? Is not God Wiſdom in Perfection? Does not our Wiſdom derive itſelf from his, and ought we not therefore to follow it? But hold, there is a wide Difference betwixt *Reaſoning* and *Reaſon*: We ſhall never be ſo reaſonable as when we leave off Reaſoning; for when we give up ourſelves to be led and directed by the pure Reaſon of God, which our weak and vain Reaſon cannot comprehend, we ſhall be freed from our miſguided Reaſon and Wiſdom ſince Sin enter'd, which is uncertain, ſhallow and preſumptuous; or rather, we ſhall be freed from our Errors and Miſtakes; from our Indiſcretions and Conceit. The more any one is dead to himſelf through the Spirit of God, the more diſcreet he is without aiming to be ſo; for we fall into Indiſcretion only by leaning to our own Underſtanding, and following our own Conceptions

and natural Inclinations; that is, by willing, thinking, and ſpeaking in our own Way. But a Death to our own Conceptions and Inclinations, would be in us the true and conſummate Wiſdom of the Word of God. 'Tis not by any Effort of our own Reaſon that we ſhall be able to ſurmount ourſelves; but on the contrary, 'tis by a total Deſtruction and Denial of Self, and above all of our own Reaſon, the moſt eſſential Part of Man, whereby we enter into that new Being and Life, in which, as St. *Paul* ſays, Chriſt Jeſus is our Life, Wiſdom, and Righteouſneſs. We err only becauſe we lead ourſelves: We ſhall never therefore be free from Error, but as we ſuffer ourſelves to be led by the Spirit of God, and become ſimple and child-like, flexible to every Motion of his Spirit; having no Conſiſtence or Will of our own; not reſiſting in the leaſt, nor leaning to our own Judgment, but ſpeaking ſimply what ariſes in us, and ready to yield if contradicted. 'Tis thus a little Child ſuffers itſelf to be led, forward or backward, to be taken up or laid down, it has nothing hid, nothing of its own.

O then we ſhall be no longer wiſe; but God will be wiſe in us, and for us. Jeſus Chriſt will be our Mouth and Wiſdom; while we think, we only ſtammer. O holy Child Jeſus! none but little Children can reign with thee.

IV. *On* St. John *the* Evangelist.

O Holy Jeſus, I deſire to lean on thy Boſom with *John*, and to repleniſh myſelf with Love by joining my Heart to thine. I would be inſtructed by thy Love as the beloved Diſciple was. He ſaid from his own Experience that the Unction teacheth all Things. This Unction of thy Spirit teacheth us inwardly in Silence. We love, and know all we need to know. We taſte, and have no need of Hearing. Men's Words are but burthenſome and diſſipate the Mind, becauſe we have in us the ſubſtantial Word, that nouriſheth the Soul: We find all Truth in that. We ſee but one Thing which is the pure and univerſal Truth; 'tis God himſelf, before whom the Creature, that empty Nothing and Deceit, diſappears, and leaves no Trace of its Deceit and Falſhood.

O Love, thou true Teacher of Souls, we will not liſten to thee; we are for hearing fine Diſcourſes and liſtening to our own Reaſon; but the true Maſter, who teaches without Reaſoning and Diſcourſe, we will not hearken to. We are afraid to open our Hearts to him; and if we do give our Hearts to him 'tis with Reſerve. We are afraid he would Speak and

aſk too much. We would indeed let him ſpeak, but on condition, that what he ſpeaks may be taken according to the ſtated Rules of our own Wiſdom, ſo that it would be our Wiſdom which would Judge of that which ought to judge ours. O Love, thou deſireſt Souls that are given up to thy endearing Tranſports; Souls that are not afraid, no more than the Apoſtles were, of paſſing for Fools in the Eyes of the World. 'Tis not ſufficient, O Holy Spirit, to be filled with thee, but we muſt be inebriated and tranſported with thy Love. O what is there we ſhould not learn without reaſoning, without Arts and Sciences, if we conſulted only pure Love, which requires our whole Heart, which leaves nothing for the Creature, and which eſtabliſhes the very Truth of the Kingdom of God in the Soul. Love decides all Caſes, and is never deceiv'd in any; for it gives nothing to Man, but aſcribes all to God. Love is a conſuming Fire, which burns up, conſumes and reduces every thing to Nothing, and makes a pure Burnt-Offering of its Victim.

O how truly it makes God known! for it lets us ſee Nothing but him, yet with a Diſcerning very different from that of a Man's own acquiring by Study and dry Speculation. We then love every thing we ſee, and 'tis Love which gives us a penetrating Sight to diſcern it.

it. A few Moments of Quiet and Silence give us a Sight and diſcerning of more wonderful Things than all the profound Reflexions of the Learned can do.

Alas, how many great and learned Divines are there who ſee nothing, and yet think they know every thing! They would not be counted ignorant either of the Nature, Properties or Orders of the ſeveral Beings of the Univerſe, or of the Hiſtory of the World, or of Arts and Inventions of Men, or of different Languages, or of the Cuſtoms and Manners of Men. But, O what a Diſguſt would they have for all theſe curious Speculations, did they but really know what Man was! Do we buſy ourſelves about a Worm? And is not a mere Nothing ſtill more unworthy of our ſerious Occupation? Alas! what can we learn from that which is Nothing? There is but one infinite Truth, which ſwallows up every Thing and leaves no Curioſity after it. Every thing elſe is mere Nothing, and conſequently a Lye. For Men to learn what is uſeful in their Stations is commendable: But for them to imagine that they know Something when they only know a mere empty Nothing, and think thereby to adorn their Minds, and think to nouriſh and ſatisfy themſelves with being buſied and taken up with this empty Nothing;

thing: O Folly and Ignorance of thoſe who would know every Thing!

O Holy Jeſus! I have no Teacher but Thee, no Book but thy Boſom: There it is I learn every thing by knowing Nothing, and becoming Nothing of myſelf: There it is I live the ſame Life thou liveſt in the Boſom of thy Father. I live by Love, and Love does every thing in me: I was created only for the Sake of Love, and don't do what God intended I ſhould, by creating me but in Proportion as I love: I then know every thing, and deſire to know Nothing but Thee. O ye wiſe and curious Searchers after Knowledge, be ſilent! I have found on the Boſom of Jeſus, the Ignorance and Fooliſhneſs of the Croſs; in Compariſon of which, all your Knowledge and Acquirements are are but Droſs and Dung. Deſpiſe me if you will, as much as I deſpiſe you.

V. *On the Circumcision of* CHRIST.

O Holy Jesus! I adore Thee whilst Thou art circumcising. O how I love Thee under this abject Operation, and in thy Weakness! I behold Thee covered with Shame, and placed in the Rank of Sinners, subjected to an humbling Law, suffering exquisite Pain; and shedding, at the Beginning of thy Infancy, the first Drops of that Blood which will be on the Cross, the Price of the Redemption of the whole World.

Thou comest not into the World, but to suffer. At thy Entrance into it, Thou tookest the Name of *Jesus*, which signifies *Saviour*; and 'tis to save Sinners that Thou art willing to be ranked among Sinners. This is the Beginning of the Mystery of Pain and Shame. O precious Victim! Thou shalt grow and increase; but thy Growth will be only to shew the Tokens of thy increasing Love. Thou delayest thy Sacrifice, but only to make it greater and more painful. Weak and cowardly Nature trembles at the Sight of its Saviour led like a Lamb to the Slaughter; but the Authority of the Example confounds, and leaves it without Excuse.—We must therefore

prepare our Hearts for Shame and Bitterneſs. Yea, I will do it, O Jeſus, my Saviour! I will take up my Croſs, and follow Thee. Let the World deſpiſe me; it may have its Reaſons for ſo doing. I cannot ſincerely deny myſelf, unleſs I am willing to be deſpiſed. How unjuſt would it be in us to have that which appears to us ſo deſpicable, to be overlooked by our Neighbours? I will therefore, O Holy Jeſus! endure all ſort of Shame which Thou ſhalt permit: I will refuſe none, for there is none but what I deſerve. O poor groveling Worm, is any Honour due to thee? O poor ſinful Soul, what haſt thou merited, but to be the loweſt Drudge of the World? Can I ever be put too low, that am by Nature mere Nothing? Be content therefore, O ſinful Soul, and ungrateful to thy Maker; be content, I ſay, with the Shame which is thy due. Talk no more of Honour, of Good Breeding, or of Reputation: All theſe muſt be ſacrificed to a Saviour loaded with Shame and Reproach. What haſt thou belonging to thee, that does not call for the deepeſt Humiliation? Is it thy Pride? Alas! 'tis that Pride of thine which renders thee more contemptible and unworthy of Honour.

But, O Jeſus, my Saviour! How wide is the Difference between general Notions of Humiliation and the Practice of it? We ſalute

the Croſs as at a Diſtance; but when near, we tremble at it. This Moment I promiſe to follow Thee unto Priſon and Death; but when the Shame and Pain of the Croſs appear, my Courage fails. O then! What vain Excuſes on the Score of Civility! What ſhameful Scrupuloſities ariſe! What Fears and Jealouſies, the Suggeſtions of Satan! O Lord, I ſpeak mighty Things of the Croſs; but deſire to know now nothing of it but the Name! I am afraid of it, I flee from it, the very Sight of it terrifies me. What is the Matter with thee, O my Soul! What is it makes thee murmur and complain? What is it that diſcourages thee, ſo as to ſeek for Comfort and Aid from thy Friends? Alas! God has afflicted, and laid his Croſs upon me. Why, is it not that which thou promiſed Him to love? What then is the Matter with thee? What is it that dejects thee? Should a Chriſtian be dejected, when he has what he deſired, and is made like unto the ſuffering Jeſus? O Infant Jeſus! give me the Simplicity of thy Infancy in the Midſt of thy Grief and Affliction: And if it be ſo, that I groan and cry, let me not refuſe to bear thy Rod; cut me to the Quick, wound and ſpare me not: The more I am afraid of ſuffering, the more I have need of it.

VI. *On the* EPIPHANY.

O Lord, I draw near unto Thee, and am never weary of ſo doing. I have nothing in Me, but find all Things in Thee. O how poor am I! O how rich art Thou! But what need I be rich, ſince thou art my Riches? I adore thy eternal Riches: I love my Poverty: I delight to be Nothing before Thee. Give me this Day thy Holy Spirit, that I may meditate on thy Son Jeſus, ador'd by the Wiſe Men; I alſo adore him with them.

Theſe Wiſe Men follow the STAR without Reaſoning, notwithſtanding they were ſo wiſe: They lay aſide their own Wiſdom, that they might follow a *Light* ſuperior to their Reaſon. They leave their outward Conveniencies and Affairs, and mind not what People ſay of them. What muſt we think of them? they go they don't know where. What's become of the Wiſdom of theſe Men who govern'd others? What ſtrange Credulity! What Indiſcretion! What blind and fanatick Zeal! Thus ſome would be ready to ſpeak of them, when they ſaw them about to depart; But they valued not how much Men

deſpiſed

deſpiſed them; nor did they regard their Reputation, nor even the Suggeſtions of their own Reaſon, which was dead to them. They were willing to be counted Fools; and even to lack what might juſtify them in their own Eyes. They undertake a long and tedious Journey, without knowing what they ſhould find. 'Tis true, they ſaw a very uncommon Star: But how many are there very acute in Aſtronomy, who would have ſeen nothing Supernatural in that Star? They only are enlighten'd and ſenſibly affected by it: An internal Light of pure Faith guides them more ſurely than that of the Star. After this, we need not wonder if they adore a poor Infant laid in a Manger. O how humble and little are theſe wiſe and great Men become! O how is their Wiſdom nonpluſs'd and brought to nought! Are ye then come, O ye Wiſe Men of the Eaſt, thus far to adore an Infant? What! an Infant, that ſucks and cries! Methinks I hear them anſwer; God's Wiſdom has blinded ours. The meaner the Object appears to be, the more Worthy 'tis of God to make us ſtoop to adore it. Surely, ye Wiſe Men, you yourſelves muſt have been little Children, to have found the true God in an Infant.

But, Oh! how ſhall I come by this Holy Simplicity, this Holy Folly of the Wiſe Men?

Let

Let the impious and damnable Wiſdom of *Herod* and the City of *Jeruſalem* be far from me. Men reaſon and are fond of their own Reaſoning; they even make themſelves Judges of the Council of God, and are afraid of ſeeing what they can't comprehend. O imperious and prophane Wiſdom! I am afraid of thee, I abhor thee, I will hearken to thee no more. I am entirely devoted to follow the Infancy of Jeſus: Let the fooliſh World ſay what they will of it; and be even ſcandaliz'd and aſhamed of it. *Woe to the World, becauſe of Scandals!* 'Tis the Shame and Folly of my Saviour that I love; I have no Deſire or Likeing for any thing elſe. No human Reſpect, no Fear of the Raillery, Scoffings, and Cenſures of the worldly-Wiſe, nor even of good Men too much tinctur'd with their own Wiſdom, ſhall ſtop me in the leaſt. When I ſhall behold the Star, I will ſay to them as St. Paul ſaid to thoſe of the Brethren who were wedded too much to the Modes and Cuſtoms of the World and their own Reaſon, — *We are Fools for Chriſt's Sake, but ye are wiſe in Chriſt* *. O Bleſſed Reſolution! But how ſhall it be accompliſhed? Thou, O Lord, who haſt inſpir'd it, be pleaſed to aid me in the Execution. Thou who haſt given me the

* 1 Cor. iv. 10.

Deſire,

Desire, give me also Courage to perform it. I shall heed no other Light but what comes from above, no Reason but a total Submission of my own Reasonings. Be silent thou presumptuous Reason, I cannot bear thee. O God, Eternal Truth, supreme and pure Reason, be Thou the only Reason which enlightens me in the Obscurities of Faith.

VII. *On the* CONVERSION *of* ST. PAUL.

I Fall down at thy Feet, O Lord Jeſus! ſmote as *Saul* was in going to *Damaſcus*: 'Tis thy Hand which ſmites me down; I adore thy Hand; 'tis that which does every Thing. O thou Almighty Hand! my Joy is to ſee myſelf at thy Diſpoſal. Smite therefore, overturn, and break in Pieces, O my God, by thy terrible and merciful Hand, every thing in me; and when ſmitten down, enlighten, touch, and convert me, My Cry after this Stroke is, *Lord! what wilt Thou have me to do* *? O lovely Cry! It contains in it every thing; it is the very Subſtance of the moſt perfect Prayers, and the moſt ſublime Virtues. There muſt be no Conditions, no Stipulations with our Sovereign Lord: *Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?* I am ready to do every thing, or nothing; to will nothing, or every thing; to ſuffer without any Conſolation, or partake of the ſweeteſt Conſolations. I don't ſay to Thee, O my God! I will undergo great Auſterities, hard Self-Denials, and ſurprizing Changes in my Way of Living: It does not become me to ſay what I will do. What I would do, is to

* Acts ix. 6.

hearken

hearken to Thee, and to receive the Law from thy Mouth. My Will is no longer my own; 'tis ſwallow'd up in thine. Say only what thou *wouldſt have me to do*; for I am willing to do every thing thou wouldſt have me do. Every thing is in thy Hand; give or take away, 'tis all one to me. Do what thou wilt, O Lord, and never conſult me. Shew me thy Orders, and let me not diſobey them.

Whatever bitter and painful Trials thou ſuffereſt to come upon me, I have only this to ſay; *What wilt Thou have me to do?* Smite me down to the Ground as thou didſt *Saul*, in the Sight of all Men; but ſmite me ſo down, that I ſhall not be able to raiſe myſelf up. Blind me as thou didſt him, and reproach me for my Tranſgreſſions; I am willing they ſhould be known, and I will readily confeſs, as *Saul* did in the Face of all the Churches; I have been diſobedient and impious, a Blaſphemer and Perſecutor of Chriſt. He has converted me, that I might encourage the moſt harden'd of Sinners to hope for Converſion; and that I might be an Example to ſhew forth with what Patience he waits for the Return of thoſe who have ſtray'd the wideſt. Come then and look upon me, all ye who forget God, who violate his Law, who flout at Virtue: Come and ſee that tender and charitable Hand, which blinds that he might enlighten; and that ſmites me

down, that he might raiſe me up: Come and admire, with me, that Mercy which has been pleaſed to diſplay itſelf in the Depth of my Miſery. O Lord, far from murmuring at my Fall, I kiſs and adore the Hand that ſmites me: And is it thy Pleaſure I ſhould yet fall lower? I am willing, if 'tis thy Will; *What wouldſt thou have me do?*

I feel, O Lord, the Truth and Force of this Expreſſion; *It is hard for thee to kick againſt the Pricks* *. O how hard it is to reſiſt the inward Strivings of thy Grace! *Who hath harden'd himſelf againſt thee, and hath proſper'd* †? 'Tis not only the wicked and prophane Perſon who hardens himſelf againſt thy Grace, that finds no Peace till he turn unto thee, but the Soul alſo which thou haſt delivered from the Bondage of Sin, even he cannot find Peace, if he reſiſts by any Reſerves or Delays the ſecret Strivings of thy Spirit, which ſtrongly incline him to ſtrip himſelf of all, to become a Child and die to Self. Human Prudence reſiſts this, it muſters up abundance of Reaſons againſt it, it looks upon the bleſſed Fooliſhneſs of the Croſs as Madneſs and Deluſion. It would rather undergo the greateſt Auſterities, than yield to the Simplicity and Littleneſs of God's Children, who had much rather be little Children in his Boſom, than

* Acts ix. 5. † Job. ix. 4.

Great

Great and Wiſe in themſelves. O how ſharp is this Struggle! O how the Soul is troubled! O how much it will coſt to give up its Reaſon and all its fair Pretences! But without this Sacrifice, there is no Peace, no Advancement; there is nothing but Trouble for a Soul which God ſecretly preſſes to follow him, and that is unwilling to ſee how far God would lead him, that he may have nothing of Self to lean upon. O my God, I will no longer reſiſt thee: I will heſitate no longer: I ſhall be more afraid of not doing enough than too little: I would be *Saul* converted. After what thou haſt done for this Perſecutor, there ſeems to be nothing which thou can'ſt not do for the greateſt Sinner. 'Tis becauſe I am unworthy of the leaſt, that thou takeſt Pleaſure to do the greateſt Things in me: But be they great, or be they little, 'tis all one to me, provided I anſwer thy Deſigns. I comply with every thing under the Direction of thy Providence: I now finiſh where I began; *Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?* I have no other Will.

VIII. *On the* CONVERSION *of* ST. PAUL.

O Lord, I humbly thank Thee for having ſet before my Eyes, *Saul* the Perſecutor, whom Thou didſt convert, and who was made the Apoſtle of the Gentiles. Thou didſt it for the Glory of thy Grace. This great Example is owing to Thyſelf, that it might be a Comfort to all Sinners. Alas! what Chaſtiſements have not I deſerved at the Hand of thy Juſtice. I have lived in Forgetfulneſs of Thee, O my Creator, to whom I am indebted for all I have; and to Ingratitude I added Hardneſs of Heart: I ſlighted thy Favours; I heeded not thy Promiſes; I abuſed thy Mercies, and grieved thy Holy Spirit: I reſiſted its holy Strivings and Motions in me; I ſaid in my ſtubborn Heart, I will not bear the Yoke of Chriſt; I fled when Thou purſuedſt me; I ſought Excuſes to get far out of thy Way; I was afraid to ſee and know too clearly certain Truths I cared not to follow; I grew impatient under Croſſes, which tend to wean from the Love of Life; I criticized upon Virtue and cared not to behold it, becauſe it condemn'd me. I was aſhamed to follow it, and glorify'd in my Perfidiouſneſs. I walked according

according to my own Pleaſure, juſt as my Paſſions and Pride ſway'd me.

O my God, at the Sight of ſo many Tranſgreſſions, what can I do leſs than to ſtand amaz'd at myſelf? Yea, I ſhould not be able to bear with myſelf, if I did not behold *Saul* the Unbeliever, Blaſphemer, and Perſecutor of thy Saints, whom Thou madeſt a choſen Veſſel. He fell to the Ground a Perſecutor, and is raiſed up a Man of God. O Father of Mercies, how gracious art Thou! The Malice of Man cannot equal thy paternal Goodneſs. Aſſuredly, therefore, thou haſt in ſtore Treaſures of Grace and Patience for me, a poor Sinner, who have ſo often trampled on the Blood of thy Son. Thou art not yet tired in waiting for me, O God of Patience, who feareſt to puniſh too ſoon, and ſeemeſt unwilling to ſmite the Earthen Veſſel formed by thy Hand. That Patience which ſo gently bore with my Vileneſs, muſt it ſtill wait for me? Alas! ſhall I then be always wicked, becauſe thou art Good? Is it becauſe thou loveſt me ſo much, that I count myſelf diſpenſed from loving Thee? No, No, Lord, the beholding of thy Patience animates me: I cannot bear to ſee myſelf one Moment longer in Oppoſition to him who renders me Good for Evil. I abhor the leaſt Reſiſtance or Oppoſition;

ſition: I will keep nothing back; and let every thing periſh that would retard my Sacrifice. 'Tis now no longer *To-morrow, To-morrow*, as with thoſe daſtardly Souls who flee their Converſion, but *To-day, To-day*. The Time I have to live is not too long to bewail the many Years I have loſt; therefore I ſay with *Saul*, *Lord what wilt thou have me to do?*

Methinks I hear Thee ſay, I will have thee to love me: Love, and do as thou wilt; for by loving truly, thou wilt do nothing but what pure Love cauſes thoſe to do who are diveſted of themſelves: Thou wilt love me, and thou wilt make me love thee; thou wilt have no other Will but mine:—By this my Government will be eſtabliſhed: By this I ſhall be worſhipped in Spirit and in Truth: By this thou wilt renounce, for my Sake, the corrupt Deſires of the Fleſh, and the Pride of Life; the whole World will be as nothing to thee, and thou thyſelf wilt deſire to be nothing, that I may be all in all in Thee: This is what I will have Thee to do. But, how, O Lord, ſhall I do this? 'Tis a Work above Man's Power. Ah! thou anſwereſt me in the Secret of my Heart: O Man of little Faith! look at *Saul* and doubt nothing; he will ſay to thee —* *I can do all Things through Chriſt which ſtrengtheneth*

* Phil. iv. 13.

eveth me. He who breathed out nothing but Threatenings and Slaughter againſt the Churches of Chriſt, now breaths out nothing but the Love of Chriſt. Chriſt lives triumphant in his Apoſtle, dead to the World and all Things: Such God made him, and the ſame Hand ſhall make thee what he will have thee to be.

IX. *On the* PURIFICATION.

O Holy Jeſus, this Day thou art preſented in the Temple, and the Law which was made only for the Children of Men is fulfilled by thee.

O Holy Infant! ſuffer me to preſent myſelf with thee. I deſire to be as thou art in the pure and holy Hands of *Mary* and *Joſeph*. I deſire to be juſt ſuch an Infant, and ſuch an Offering. But what do I behold? They ranſom thee as the Children of the Poor were to be ranſomed: Two young Pigeons are the Ranſom of JESUS. O immortal King of all Ages! by and by thou wilt not have a Place whereon to lay thy Head. Thou wilt enrich the World by thy Poverty; and already thou appeareſt in the Temple in the Quality of a Poor Perſon. Bleſſed is he who ſhall become Poor as thou art! Bleſſed is he who poſſeſſes Nothing, and deſires Nothing. Bleſſed is he who has loſt in thee, and at the Foot of thy Croſs, every kind of Poſſeſſion, and who poſſeſſes not ſo much as his own Heart, and has no Will of his own; and far from poſſeſſing any thing, is even loſt to himſelf! O rich and bleſſed Poverty! O precious Treaſure unknown to the Wiſe! O

Naked-

Nakedneſs which far ſurpaſſes the moſt ſplendid Goods! O Infant Jeſus! I am willing to loſe every thing, even my own Heart, and every the moſt minute ſelfiſh Deſire, and the leaſt Remains of my own Will. I run after thee, naked and a Child as thou art. O who ſhall comprehend this! And yet 'tis very true, that we are no further worthy of God, but in Proportion as we are diveſted of ourſelves and loſt in him. Tear me then from myſelf. Let me have no more ſelfiſh Regards, no more uneaſy Deſires. That Self, to which hitherto I appropriated every thing, is for ever to be annihilated. Let me be rais'd up, or let me be caſt down; let me be remember'd, or let me be forgot; let Men believe me, or let them ſuſpect me, tho' unjuſtly; let me be at Peace, or let me be harraſs'd; what does it ſignify? It does not concern me; for I am no longer my own, that I need be concern'd about any thing. I am the Purchaſe of him who cauſes all theſe Things according to his own Will and Pleaſure. His Will is fulfill'd, and that is ſufficient. Was any thing of Self to remain, that ſhould murmur and complain, my Sacrifice would not be perfect. The Back-ſlidings of Nature call for nothing leſs than a total Deſtruction of Self.

But Nature cries out, This Treatment is very unjuſt; ſuch an Accuſation is falſe and malicious; ſuch a Friend is highly ungrateful; this Loſs is hard to bear; ſuch a Deprivation of all Comfort is very ſad; this Tryal God is pleaſed to ſend me is too ſharp; ſuch and ſuch good Perſons, from whom I hoped for Succour, look upon me with Indifference; and God himſelf ſeems to have caſt me off! And what then, O thou weak and daſtardly Soul of little Faith, Wouldſt thou not ſuffer whatſoever God would have thee? Art thou in his Hand or thy own? If thou art in thy own Hand, thou haſt Reaſon to complain, and to ſeek what ſuits thee better. But if thou haſt denied thyſelf, why doſt thou hearken any longer to thyſelf? What haſt thou to ſay in favour of this curſed Self, which thou hadſt entirely renounced for ever? O let it periſh, let every Support be taken from it; ſo much the better: This alone is the real Sacrifice, every thing elſe is but the Shadow of it. By this alone the Sacrifice is compleat, and God worthily ador'd. O Holy Jeſus! with whom I preſent myſelf this Day, give me Courage to become Nothing in my own Eyes, and to let Nothing of Self remain in me.

Thou wert ranſom'd with two young Pigeons, but this Ranſom did not deliver thee from

from the Sacrifice of the Croſs, on which thou wert to die. Thy Preſentation in the Temple was but the Beginning and firſt Fruits of thy Offering on Mount *Calvary*. So, Lord, all the outward Things I give up to thee can't redeem me; I muſt give up my whole Self; I muſt die upon the Croſs. To loſe one's Eaſe, one's Reputation, and the good Things of this Life, is ſtill nothing; we muſt die to ourſelves, and no longer love ourſelves; we muſt give up ourſelves without Pity to thy Juſtice, become Strangers to ourſelves, and have no Intereſt but God's to whom we belong.

X. *On* Lent.

HERE am I, O Lord, in this Time of Faſting and Abſtinence: But 'tis nothing to faſt from Food, which only nouriſhes the Body, if we do not alſo faſt from every thing which nouriſhes Self-Love. Give me therefore, O thou Spouſe of Souls, that inward Virginity, that Purity of Heart, that Separation from every Creature, that Sobriety thy Apoſtle ſpeaks of, by which we uſe the Creature and not abuſe it, as temperate Perſons take Food for Neceſſity only. O bleſſed Faſt, in which the Soul holds all the Senſes in a Privation of what is Superfluous! O holy Abſtinence, in which the Soul, fully ſatisfied with God's Will, gratifies not its own Will! It has, as Jeſus Chriſt had, other Meat with which it is nouriſhed. Give me, Lord, this Meat, the * Bread *which is above all Subſtance*, the *Bread* which will for ever ſatisfy the

* By this Expreſſion the Archbiſhop ſeems to allude to the Latin in the vulgate Tranſlation, which renders the Greek, *Matt.* vi. 11. Τον αρτον επιουσιον by *Panem ſuperſubſtantialem*; and what can this be, but the Bread Chriſt ſpeaks of? *John* vi. 35. *I am the Bread of Life, he that cometh to me ſhall never hunger; and he that believeth on me ſhall never thirſt.*

Hunger

Hunger of my Soul; the *Bread* which extinguiſhes all Deſires; the *Bread* which is the true Manna, and ſerves inſtead of every thing.

O Lord, let the Creatures be ſilent as for me, and let me be ſilent as for them in this holy Seaſon. Let my Soul be nouriſhed in Silence, in faſting from all vain Diſcourſe. Let me be nouriſhed with thee only, and with the Croſs of thy Son *Jeſus*.

But, what! muſt I ſtand in continual Fear of breaking this inward Faſt, by means of the Conſolations I may reliſh and partake of outwardly? No, no ſuch Thing; thou, O Lord, requireſt no ſuch Conſtraint and Diſquietude. Thy Spirit is a Spirit of Love and Freedom, and not a Spirit of Fear and Slavery. I will then renounce every thing that is not of thy Appointment in my Condition; and every thing that I find diſſipates my Mind, and what my Directors ſhall judge not Expedient for me; In ſhort, I will abſtain from every thing thou thyſelf ſhalt take from me in the Courſe of thy Providence. I will bear with Patience all theſe Privations: And one thing more I will add, and that is, in all my neceſſary and innocent Converſations, I will retrench all Diſcourſe which thou ſhalt inwardly make me ſenſible ariſes from Self-Gratification: And when I feel myſelf drawn to ſacrifice ſuch a Gratifica-

Gratification, I will do it chearfully. But, O Lord, I know very well, thou wouldſt have the Heart that loves thee to be free. I will therefore act and behave with the ſame Freedom and Confidence a little Child does in the Arms of its Mother. I will be glad and joyful before the Lord, and I will endeavour to make others joyful. I will pour out my Soul without Fear in the Aſſemblies of the Children of God. I will be nothing but Candour, Innocence, and Joy in the Holy Spirit. Far be from me then, O Lord, that timorous Wiſdom, always afraid of itſelf, weighing continually the minuteſt things as in a Ballance, for fear it ſhould break this internal Faſt. 'Tis treating thee injuriouſly, not to act and behave with Simplicity and Freedom as a little Child before thee: Such Rigour is unworthy the Tenderneſs of thy Bowels. Thou deſireſt that we ſhould love thee only; and thou art jealous of nothing elſe; but provided we love thee, thou letteſt that Love act freely, and thou perceiveſt well what proceeds really from it.

I will then faſt, O Lord, from every Deſire that correſponds not with thy Will; but I will do it in Love, and in the Freedom and Overflowings of my Heart. Woe to the Heart that is narrow and parch'd up in itſelf, that is afraid of every thing; and through Fear, has

ſcarce

ſcarce Time to love or to follow the Spouſe with Chearfulneſs.

O how ſtrict that Faſt is, which thou makeſt the Soul keep without ſuch Reſtraint! Nothing is left in the Heart but the Well-beloved, and very often this Well-beloved is hid from the Soul, and leaves it fainting and ready to expire. Here indeed is the great Faſt in which Man ſees his naked Poverty, for then he is ſtript of the leaſt Remains of Life in himſelf. O thou great Faſt of pure Faith, who will comprehend thee! Where is the Soul couragious enough to accompliſh it? O univerſal Deprivation! O the entire Denial of Self as well as the vain Things of the World! O the Fidelity of a Soul which gives up itſelf entirely to follow thee, without wavering by a jealous and pure Love, and ſuffers itſelf to be depriv'd of all! Here, O Lord, is the Sacrifice of thoſe who worſhip thee in Spirit and in Truth; and by ſuch Trials we are made worthy of thee. Do thou do it, O Lord, empty my Soul, cauſe it to faint for Hunger, and do with it according to thy good Pleaſure. I hold my Peace, I adore, I continually ſay, *Let thy Will be done, and not mine* *; I deſire nothing but thee, O Lord.

* Luke xxii. 42.

XI. *On* Holy Thursday.

O Holy Jeſus, Eternal Wiſdom, thou art hid under this Sacrament; and there it is I adore thee this Day. O how I love this Day in which thou gaveſt thyſelf entirely to the Apoſtles! What do I ſay to the Apoſtles? Thou giveſt thyſelf as much to us as to them. O precious Gift, which is renew'd from Age to Age ever ſince, and which will endure without Interruption to the End of the World! O Pledge of the Bounty of the Father of Mercies! O Sacrament of Love! O Bread above all Subſtance! As my Body is nouriſhed with outward and corruptible Food, in like Manner my Soul ought to be nouriſhed daily with the Eternal Truth, who was made Fleſh, not only to be Life, but alſo Bread to be eaten, and to nouriſh the Children of God.

Alas! where art thou then, O Infinite Wiſdom who madeſt the World? Who could believe that thou art under this mean Appearance? We ſee nothing but a Piece of Bread, and with the enlivening Fleſh of the Saviour, we receive all the Treaſures of the Divinity. O Wiſdom, O Infinite Love! For whom doſt thou ſo great Things? For ungrateful Men, who are weak, blind, ſtupid, and inſenſible; yea,

On Holy Thursday.

yet, uncapable of taſting thy Gift. O where are the Souls who are nouriſh'd with thy pure Truth, and who live by thee only, who let thee live in them, and who are transform'd into thy Likeneſs? I clearly perceive, by this Sacrament, we are to have no other Wiſdom, no other Will but thine. This divine Wiſdom is to be hid in us, as 'tis under the Veil of the Sacrament. The Outſide muſt be ſimple, weak, and deſpicable to Man's Wiſdom; but the Inſide dead to Self, quite transform'd, and all Divine.

Hitherto, O my Saviour, I have not been nouriſh'd with thy Truth; I have contented myſelf with the Ceremonies of Religion, with the ſplendid Appearance of ſome Virtues which make us appear great; with good Carriage, and a Regularity of outward Actions; with a bare Reſtraint of my Humour and Paſſions, that nothing might appear unſeemly. But, alas! this is only the Veil of the Sacrament; the Sacrament itſelf, *the ſubſtantial Truth, above all Subſtance limited and comprized*, where is it? Alas, alas, this is what I have not ſought, I thought of regulating the Outſide without an inward Change. The Worſhip in Spirit and in Truth, which conſiſts in the Denial of my own Will, that the Will of God only might reign in me, is yet unknown to me. My Mouth has eaten what is outward and viſible

in the Sacrament; but my Soul has not been nouriſh'd with the *ſubſtantial Truth*. I ſerve thee, O Lord, but 'tis in my own Way, and according to the Views of my own Wiſdom, which is nothing but real Folly. I love thee, but more for my own Intereſt than thy Glory. I deſire to Honour thee, but not with a Zeal proportionate to the Extent of thy Deſigns. I would be devoted to thee, but with Reſerves and Fear of dying wholly to myſelf. Sometimes I think myſelf prepared to undergo the greateſt Sacrifices, and in a few Moments after, the leaſt Sacrifice thou requireſt of me, troubles and diſcourages me.

O Holy Love! Let not my Weakneſs and Unworthineſs offend thee: Under this weak and deſpicable Veil thou art pleaſed to hide the Virtue and Greatneſs of thy Myſtery. Thou wouldſt make of me a Sacrament, which may try the Faith of others, and mine alſo. Under this State of Weakneſs, I reſign myſelf to thee. I can do nothing, but thou can'ſt do all Things. My Weakneſs gives me no Fear, feeling thy Almighty Power ſo near me. O Word of God, be thou under me thy weak Creature, as thou art under the Species of Bread. O ſupreme and quickening Word! Speak thou in the Silence of my Soul; huſh every thing but thyſelf, make my own Soul ſilent; and let it ſpeak no more inwardly, that

that it may hear thee only. O living Bread! I will no longer nourish myself with any Bread but thee: Every kind of Nourishment besides would tend to make me live to Self; would make me Self-sufficient, and outwardly fill and swell me. O that my Soul might die the Death of the Righteous, that blessed Death that ought to precede the Death of the Body; that inward Death which separates the Soul from itself, that hinders it from finding or possessing Self any more, that extinguishes all Desire, and destroys every Interest, every Regard of Self. O Love, how marvellously doest thou torment us! The same Bread of Life kills and makes alive; it divides the Soul from itself, and gives it Peace and Quiet; it takes from it every thing, and gives it all Things; it takes away every thing in it, and gives it all Things in God, in whom alone Things are pure. O my Love, O my Life, O my All, I have nothing besides thee. O Heavenly Bread! I will eat thee daily, and will fear nothing so much as the being depriv'd of this Heavenly Nourishment.

XII. *On* GOOD FRIDAY.

THE Myſtery of Chriſt's Suffering and Crucifixion is incomprehenſible to Man. It appear'd *unto the Jews a Stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks Foolishness.* The *Jews* were jealous of the Glory of their Religion, they could not bear with Chriſt's Ignominy. The *Greeks* full of their Philoſophy, were wiſe, and their Wiſdom was confounded at the Sight of a crucified God: It was overturning human Reaſon to preach up this God upon the Croſs. But, however, the preaching this Croſs throughout the World, ſurmounted the proud Zeal of the *Jews*, and the lofty Wiſdom of the *Greeks*. The Tendency therefore of the Myſtery of Chriſt's Suffering and Crucifixion, is to confound, not only the Wiſdom of Men, who, like the *Greeks*, look upon true Piety and Religion as Folly; and who know nothing of Virtue, but what carries with it a ſplendid Outſide—but even the proud Zeal of ſome counted Pious, who deſpiſe every thing in Religion that does not agree with their own falſe Conceptions.

O Lord, I am of the Number of thoſe ſcandaliz'd *Jews*. 'Tis true, O Holy Jeſus, I bow

bow down to the Croſs; but this Adoration is but mere Ceremony, 'tis not the Worſhip in Truth.

The true Adoration of Jeſus Chriſt crucified, conſiſts in being obedient to his Croſs, and willing to become Fools for his Sake; and if God will have it, to be a Laughing-Stock to the whole World, and willing to paſs for one mad and out of his Senſes as Jeſus.

This is ſoon confeſſed by the Lips, but not what the Heart eaſily conſents to. We excuſe ourſelves on many frivolous Pretences; we ſhrink and turn our Backs like Cowards as ſoon as we are to appear ſtript and naked, and to be loaded with Obloquy as the Man of Sorrows. O my God, and my Love, we love thee for our own Intereſt, for Comforts and Conſolation, but don't love thee unto the Death of the Croſs. When it comes to that, all flee and leave thee; thou art then not known to them; nay, they will then deny thee. But ſo long as Reaſon finds its Account and Advantage in following thee, we run with Eagerneſs, and boaſt as St. *Peter* did; but the Queſtion of a ſilly Maid overturns all. We are for confining Religion to the ſcanty Meaſure of our own Underſtanding; and what we can't reach or fathom by our own weak Reaſon, we diſapprove and are offended at it.

However,

However, Religion muſt be ſtill the ſame in Practice as it is in Speculation; that is, it muſt extend ſo far as to ſet aſide our own Reaſon, and make us ſubmit to the Folly of a crucified Saviour. O how eaſy a Thing it is to be a Chriſtian, on Condition we may be Wiſe, and Maſters of ourſelves; be valiant, great, regular, and marvellous in every thing! But to be a Chriſtian, and be little, weak and deſpiſed; to be fooliſh and mad in the Opinion and Eſteem of the World; O that is what we cannot hear of without Horror! So that in Reality we are but half Chriſtians: For we are not only ſway'd by our vain Reaſoning, like the *Greeks*, but even pride ourſelves in following our blind Zeal like the *Jews*.

But ſay ſome, this is making Religion look little and contemptible, we ought to make it appear how great and a glorious a Thing it is. Alas, alas! it will never appear ſo to us, but in Proportion as it makes us humble, teachable and ſelf-denying.

We are for a Saviour come to make us compleat and perfect, and fill us with our own Excellence, and anſwer all the flattering Views of our own Wiſdom; but on the Contrary, God has given us a Saviour, who confounds our own Wiſdom, who lays us ſtript and naked upon a ſhameful Croſs with himſelf. Here it is, O Holy Jeſus! all forſake thee, Say they, we muſt not drive Things ſo far;

'tis

'tis ſtraining the Precepts of the Goſpel, and making them odious and ridiculous to all Men of Senſe. But, what then? don't we know that the Prophane will be ſcandaliz'd at it, ſince even ſome good Men are?

How ſhould the Myſtery of the Croſs appear otherwiſe than Extravagant to theſe wiſe *Greeks*, ſince it was a Stumbling-Block to ſome very pious and zealous *Jews*? O my Saviour, let who will refuſe to drink thy better Cup; as for me, I will drink it to the bittereſt Dreggs. I am willing to bear the Pain, the Shame, the Deriſion and Inſults of Men without and within; and even the forſaking of the Heavenly Father. I will ſay as thou haſt taught me; **Father, if thou be willing, remove this Cup from me*; but tho' Nature recoils at it, *nevertheleſs, not my Will, but Thine be done.* Theſe Truths are too ſtrong for thoſe who are but half Chriſtians, and who are not able to follow thee, but when they partake of the Conſolations of Mount *Tabor*: But for me, I ſhould oppoſe the ſecret Drawings and Attraction of thy Love, ſhould I flinch and fall back.

Come, let us go with Jeſus to Mount *Calvary*: My Soul is ſorrowful even unto Death, but no matter for that, if ſo be I die pierced with the ſame Nails, and upon the ſame Croſs with thee, O my Saviour!

* Luke xxii. 23.

XIII. *On*

XIII. *On* EASTER EVE.

THAT which presents itself this Day to my View, is Jesus betwixt the Death he suffer'd, and the Life he is going to resume. His Resurrection shall be as real as his Death, and his Death is but a Passage from a Life of Misery to a Life of Happiness. O Divine Saviour, I adore thee, I love thee even in the Sepulchre, I there shut up myself with thee: I would not the World should see me any more; I would not so much as see myself; I even descend into the dark Pit, and am no longer of the Number of the Living. O ye Sons of Men, blot me out of your Remembrance, trample me under your Feet; I am dead, and the Life prepar'd for me is hid with Christ in God.

These are surprising Truths; good Men can hardly bear them. What then means the Baptism, by which, as the Apostle affirms, *We are buried with Christ into Death*?* Where is this Death, which, as Christians, ought to be wrought in us? Where is this Sepulchre? Alas! I am for being taken Notice of, valued and distinguished; I would engross my Neigh-

* Rom. vi. 4.

bour's

hour's Esteem and Affection, and even idolize Reputation and Friendship. But to rob God of the Incense placed on his Altars, is nothing in Comparison of the sacrilegious Theft of a Soul, that takes what is due to God, and makes itself the Idol of other Creatures. O Lord, when shall I cease from loving myself, so as not to desire that others should love or esteem me any more? To thee alone belongs Glory, to thee alone Love. I ought not to love any thing but in and for thee: I ought not to love myself, but in pure Charity as a Stranger. Ought I not then to be ashamed to desire that others should love me? My nice and delicate Pride is not contented with Love from Charity, it is offended if no other be given it but what is for thy Sake. O horrible Injustice! O sad Declension! O blind and detestable Pride! Punish it, O Lord, I side with thee against myself, I am for exalting thy Glory and Justice at the Expence of my Vanity. O foolish Creature that idolizeth thyself! What hast thou independent of God that merits any Affection, any Respect or Regard, but of mere Charity? O what abundance of Charity is wanting to bear with thee for this unjust Claim! To have others do for us what God forbids us to do for ourselves! Is this the Use we should make of that Love which God impresses on his Creatures? Has

he made us capable of loving himself for no other End, but that we should hinder one another from fixing that Love on its proper Object, which is his pure Love? No, no, my God, I will no longer love myself; and this with Difficulty I bear with it even for Love of thee: The more I desire and hanker after the Love of others, the more unworthy I am of it, and have the more need to be deprived of it.

Let it be, O Lord, with Reputation as with Friendship: Give it me, or take it away, as it seems meet to thee: Let Reputation, dearer than Life, be as a filthy Rag, if it be for thy Glory; let me be trod and trampled on, as the Graves of the Dead; let them count me as nothing, and stand aloof from me; let them not spare me in the least; — all is good. If there be the least Desire or hankering after Reputation willingly remaining in me, I am not dead with *Christ*, nor am I in a Condition to rise with him in Newness of Life.

For, until the malignant and corrupt Life of the old Man is totally extirpated, we cannot pass into the Life of the new Man. Every thing must die, — Comforts, Consolations, Ease, Friendship, Honour, and Reputation; and then every thing is restor'd us again a hundred-fold: But first every thing must die and be sacrificed. When every thing in us is

lost,

loſt, we ſhall find all again in God. Whatſoever we had in us with the Corruption of the old Man, ſhall be reſtored us again with the Purity of the new Man, juſt as Metals caſt into the Fire loſe not their pure Subſtance, but are refined from their Droſs. Then, O Lord, the ſame Spirit which groans and prays in us, will love in us more perfectly. O how much more large, more tender, and more generous will our Hearts be then! We ſhall love no longer as weak and feeble Creatures, with ſcanty and narrow Hearts, but infinite Love will then love in us, and our Love will even bear the Reſemblance of God's Love. Let us then aim at nothing but to follow Chriſt to the Croſs, to Death, and to the Grave; let us bury ourſelves in the Darkneſs and Obſcurities of pure Faith; and let us ſubmit to the Horrors of Death. Nay, I will not look at myſelf as belonging to the World. O World, forget me as I forget thee, and as I would forget myſelf. O Lord Jeſus, the very Deſign of thy Death was that I ſhould die; kill me then, let me breathe no more; let there be no Reſerves in me; try me to the uttermoſt, for I ſet no Bounds to my Sacrifice.

XIV. *On* Christ's Ascension.

METhinks I now accompany Jesus Christ with his Disciples to *Bethany*. Behold he ascends into Heaven in my Sight, I worship him, I can't but look after him and follow him with ardent Affection; and I feel in the Secret of my Heart, the Words of Life which fell from his sacred Lips just before his Ascension. O my Saviour! Thou doest not cease to be with me and to speak to me; I feel the Truth of that Promise, *Lo I am with you always even unto the End of the World* *. Thou art with us not only on this visible Altar, to which thou inviteſt all thy Children to eat the Bread which came down from Heaven; but thou art also in us, upon that invisible Altar not made with Hands, and in that Church and inaccessible Sanctuary of our Souls, where the Worship in Spirit and in Truth is performed. There it is pure Sacrifices are offered up to thee; there it is all our own Desires are slain, with all selfish Regards and Sweets of Self-Love: There it is we eat the Bread of Life, of which even thy outward Flesh itself was no more than the Superficies or Covering:

* Matt. xxviii. 20.

There

There it is we are fed and nourish'd with the pure Substance of the Eternal Truth: There it is, the Word made Flesh gives himself to us as our inward Word, our Speech, our Wisdom, our Life, our Being, our All in All.—If we have known him after the *Flesh*, and by our outward Senses sought to relish him, *henceforth know we him so no more*. 'Tis now pure Faith and Love which are nourished by the pure Truth of God made one with us. O Kingdom of my God! 'Tis thus thou comest unto us, in this miserable Life and Vale of Tears. O Will of the Father! 'Tis by this thou art done on Earth as in Heaven. O Heaven! so long as it pleases God to detain me in this Place of Exile out of thee, I go no further to seek thee, having found thee here on Earth. I know no other, nor do I desire any other Heaven than God, and my God is with me in this Vale of Misery and Tears. I bear him with me, I adore him in my Heart, he lives in me: 'Tis not I that live, but 'tis he that lives in me, exalting himself in his poor Creature made of Dust, and makes me live in him only. O blessed and everlasting Sion, where Jesus reigns with all his Saints! What glorious Things are spoken of thee! O how much I love this Kingdom of Glory, which shall never have End! To thee alone, O Lord, be the

the Empire, the Majesty, Might, and Almighty Power for ever and ever.

O Lord, I am so far from being troubled and afflicted because thou art no more visible to us on Earth, that I rejoice in thy Triumphs for 'tis thy Glory alone that I am concern'd for. I unite my feeble Voice here below with the Blessed above, to sing the Song of the Lamb, who was dead, and lives and reigns for ever; and I count myself extremely happy, that, in this my Exile, I can glorify thee by my Sufferings. True it is, thy outward Presence surpasses the sweetest of all Perfumes; but 'tis not for myself that I covet thee, 'tis for thy own Sake. O! were I to regard and seek myself, what could administer Comfort to me in this miserable Life, not having the Enjoyment of thee, and liable to displease thee by my Faults, and in continual Jeopardy of losing thee eternally? What in this World could be capable of easing my Pain and Grief, and help to support my Life? But, I love and prefer thy Will to my own Peace and Safety.

I live therefore, because thou wouldst have me live. This Life, which is but a kind of Death, shall last as long as thou pleasest. Thou knowest, O God of my Heart, that nothing is a Tye to me but thy sovereign Will and Order. I am ready to depart or abide in this Place of Exile only so long as thou

thou retaineſt me. I love thee more than my Honour and Felicity. 'Tis better to obey thee, than to enjoy thee: 'Tis better to ſuffer according to thy good Pleaſure, than to taſte of thy Sweetneſs and enjoy the Light of thy Countenance. In depriving me of thy Preſence, deprive me of every thing elſe; ſtrip me of every thing without Pity; leave my Soul quite naked and bare.

If the outward Preſence of our dear Saviour was needful to be taken from us, ought any thing elſe be left us? If God was jealous of ſo holy a Conſolation even to the Apoſtles, with what Indignation and Fury will he deſtroy in us ſo many amuſing Things, which preſerve in us certain ſecret Relicks of our old Life in *Adam*? What Conſolation can be ſo ſweet and pure as that of ſeeing Jeſus? And conſequently can there be any thing remaining in us, that we dare refuſe to ſacrifice to him? O my God, hearken no longer to my Cowardice; ſtrip me, flea me, if need be; cut me to the very Quick. When every thing ſhall be taken away, then it is thou alone wilt remain in the Soul.

XV. *Of*

XV. *On the Descent of the* Holy Ghost.

THOU didst first begin, O Lord, with depriving thy Apostles of that which was the most likely to support their drooping Spirits, I mean that of the outward Presence of Jesus thy Son: But thou only destroyedst all to build all again; took'st away that Support, only to establish a better in the Room thereof; thou took'st all from them, that thou mightest restore all to them again a hundred fold. Such is thy Method: Thou art pleased to overturn the Order and Method of human Reason.

When thou hadst deprived them of that sensible Possession of Jesus Christ, thou gavest them thy Holy Spirit. O lovely Privation, how precious and full of Virtue art thou, since thou doest more than the outward Presence of the Son of God! O cowardly Souls, why do you esteem yourselves so poor in Time of Absence and Privation, since it enriches more than the Possession of the greatest Treasure? Blessed are those who are in want of every thing, and even of God himself; that is to say, of God sensibly tasted and perceived! Happy are those for whose Sake Jesus hides himself and withdraws! The Spirit, the Comforter

forter, will descend upon them: He will allwage their Grief, and will wipe away all their Tears. Woe to them who have their Consolation in the World, and who place their Happiness, their Support, and their Desires out of God!

The holy Spirit, promised to those who ask for it, is not sent to them. The Comforter from above is only for those Souls that rely not on any thing in the World nor on themselves. Alas, where, O Lord! is that Spirit which ought to be my Life? He shall be the Soul of my Soul. But where is he? I do not find him. In my Senses I perceive nothing but Frailty; in my Mind, nothing but Dissipation and Falshood; and in my Will, nothing but Wavering and Inconstancy, divided betwixt thy Love and a thousand vain Amusements. Where then is thy Spirit? Why does it not come and create in me a new Heart, according to thine? O Lord, I perceive that 'tis in those who are poor in Spirit, thy Spirit vouchsafes to abide, provided they open their Hearts freely to him without Reserves or Limitations. A being sensible of the Absence and Want of the Saviour and his Gifts, is what draws down the Holy Spirit. Come then, Holy Spirit, thou canst find nothing more poor, more empty and naked, more resign'd and feeble than my Heart. Come then, and bring it

Peace. Not an abounding Peace which flows as a River, but that dry Peace, that Peace of Patience and Suffering; that Peace which is bitter, but yet a true and ſolid Peace; and ſo much the more pure, the more near, the more profound, the more inexhauſtible, as 'tis founded on nothing but a total Self-Denial without Reſerve.

O Holy Spirit! O Love! O Truth of my God! O Love, who art Light! O Love, who teaches the Soul without ſpeaking, who makeſt all Things underſtood without ſaying any thing, who aſkeſt nothing of the Soul, and yet by Silence draws it to the Reſignation and Sacrifice of every thing! O Love, who giveſt a Diſreliſh for all other Love, who makeſt us even to hate, forget, and abandon ourſelves! O Love, who riſeſt in the Heart as a Well of Water ſpringing up to everlaſting Life! Who can tell what thou art, but only he in whom thou art? Be ſilent all ye vain Talkers, Love is not in you: You don't know what you talk of: You ſee nothing, you know nothing: The true Teacher has never taught you.

'Tis he that ſatisfies and fills the Soul with Truth without any diſtinct Science.' Tis he who cauſes thoſe Truths to ariſe in the Heart, which the Words ſpoken by Chriſt had only preſented to the Mind. We taſte, are nouriſhed, and made one and the ſame with the Truth. 'Tis

not it that we see as an Object out of ourselves; 'tis it that becomes one with us, and which we intimately feel and perceive as the Soul feels and perceives itself. O how powerful a Consolation is this without our seeking after it! We have every thing, and yet have nothing. Here we find in Unity, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit: The Father, the Creator who creates in us whatsoever he pleases, that he might make us Children according to his own Likeness: The Son, the Word of God, who becomes our Word, and the most near and intimate Expression of our Soul, which is silent to every thing to let God only speak in it: Lastly, the Spirit that bloweth where he listeth, and that loves the Father and the Son in us. O my Love, who art my God, love thyself in me, glorify thyself in me. My Peace, my Joy, my Life are all in thee, who art my All, and I am Nothing.

The following may justly be reckon'd an excellent MEDITATION on the Apostle's Words.

It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do. PHIL. ii. 13.

In him we live and move, and have our being. ACTS xvii. 28.

O God, thou art not known, there are none that know who thou art! The Light shineth in the midst of Darkness, and

the Darkneſs cannot comprehend it *. It is by thee we live, we think, we taſte Pleaſure; and we forget by whom we do them all! We ſee nothing but by thee, *thy univerſal Light, the Sun of Souls*, who ſhineſt yet more bright than that of Bodies; and whilſt we ſee nothing but by thee, we ſee not thee! 'Tis thou who giveſt all; to Stars their Light, to Fountains their Waters and their Courſe, to the Earth its Plants, to Fruits their Taſte, to Flowers their Glory and their Perfume; to all Nature its Richneſs and its Beauty; and Health, Reaſon and Virtue to Men: Thou giveſt all; thou doeſt all; thou diſpoſeſt all: I ſee nothing but thee; all the reſt diſappears as a Shadow before the Eyes of him who has once ſeen thee; and yet the World ſees thee not! But, alas! he who has not ſeen thee has never yet ſeen any thing: He has ſpent his Life in the Illuſion of a Dream; he is as if he were not, but ſtill more wretched; for, as I learn from thy Word, it had been better for him that he had never been born. For me, my God, *where e'er I go, I find thee always within me.* Whatſoever Good I do, 'tis thou who doſt it. A thouſand Times have I experienc'd, that, of myſelf, I could neither ſubdue my Temper, nor deſtroy my Habits, nor moder-

* John i. 5.

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rate my Pride, nor follow my Reason, nor continue to will the Good that I had once will'd. 'Tis thou who giveſt that Will, who preſerveſt it pure: Without thee I am as a Reed, ſhaken by the ſmalleſt Blaſt. Thou haſt given me the Courage, the Uprightneſs, and all the good Thoughts which I have: Thou haſt made me a new Heart, that deſires thy Righteouſneſs, and that thirſts after thy Eternal Truth: In giving me this, thou haſt even torn away the Heart of the old Man, made up of Filth and Corruption, jealous, vain, ambitious, reſtleſs, unjuſt, thirſting after Pleaſure. O, to what Miſery was I abandoned! Alas! could I ever have thought, could I ever have hoped to be thus converted to thee, and to ſhake off the Yoke of my tyrannical Paſſions?

But here is the Wonder which ſurpaſſes all the reſt: Who, but thou, could tear me from myſelf, turn all my Hatred and all my Contempt againſt myſelf? It is not I who have done this Work; for it is not by his own Strength that any one gets rid of himſelf. There muſt have been then ſome foreign Stay without my own Heart, on which I might ſupport myſelf, whilſt I pronounced Sentence againſt its Wretchedneſs.

This Succour muſt needs have been foreign; for I could not find it in myſelf, againſt whom I was obliged to fight; but it muſt have entered deep too, to tear away Self from the moſt ſecret lurking Places of my Heart. It is thou, my Lord, who bringing thy Light into the Center of my Soul, impenetrable to all others, didſt there ſhew me all my Deformity. I well know, that in ſeeing I have not chang'd it, and that I am ſtill deform'd in thy Eyes; I well know that my own Eyes have not been able to diſcover all my Uglineſs: But at leaſt I have ſeen a Part of it, and I would willingly diſcover the Whole. I ſee myſelf frightful; but the Hope which I have in thee, makes me live in Peace: For I will not either flatter my Vices, or let my Vices diſcourage me. I ſee them then, and I quietly bear the Reproach. I am for thee, O my God, againſt myſelf; none but thou could thus make a Diviſion between me and Self. This is what thou haſt done within me, and what thou daily continueſt to do, in order to take from me all the Remains of my malignant Life of *Adam*, and to perfect the Formation of the new Man. 'Tis this ſecond Creation of the new Man, which is renew'd Day by Day.

I leave myſelf, O my God, in thy Hands: Turn about this Clay, turn it this way and that;

that; give it a Form, then break it to Pieces; it is thine; it has nothing to say; 'tis enough that it answers all thy Purposes, and that nothing resisteth thy good Pleasure, for which I am made. Demand, enjoin, forbid; What wilt thou have me to do? What wilt thou have me to forbear? Exalted, abased, comforted, suffering, employ'd in thy Work, useless in every Thing; I shall ever adore thee equally, by sacrificing all Self-Will to thine; I have nothing left, but in all Things to say with *Mary*: *Be it unto me according to thy Word* *.

But whilst thou dost every thing thus within me, thou art not less active without. I every where discover, even in the smallest Atom, that mighty Hand which sustains the Heaven and the Earth, and which seems to support itself in conducting the whole Universe. Let no one then tell me that God observes not so narrowly what passes among Men: Ye blind, who thus talk, ye know not even what God is. Seeing every thing that is, is only by the Communication of his infinite Being; seeing every thing that has Intelligence, has it only by an Emanation from his sovereign Reason; and seeing every thing that acts, acts only by

* Luke I. 3.

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the Impreſſion of his ſupreme Activity: It is he who does all in all; it is he, who, in every Moment of our Life, is the Animation of our Heart, the Motion of our Limbs, the Light of our Eyes, the Underſtanding of our Mind, the Soul of our Soul: All that is in us, Life, Action, Thought, Will, is cauſed by the Impreſſion of that Eternal Power, and Life, and Thought and Will. How then, O my God, couldſt thou be ignorant of that in us, which thou there doſt thyſelf? How couldſt thou be indifferent about the Evils that are only committed by the internal Reſiſtance which is made to thee, and about the Good, which we no longer do, but whilſt thou takeſt Pleaſure to do it thyſelf in us? This Attention coſts thee no Pains: Shouldſt thou ceaſe to have it, all would periſh; there would no more be any Creature able either to will, to think, or to ſubſiſt. O how far are Men from knowing their own *Impotence* and *Nothingneſs*, thy Power and thy Action without Bounds, when they imagine that to be attentive and at work in ſo many Places would make the weary! The Fire burns whereſoever it is, and of ſo active and devouring a Nature is it, that to make it ceaſe to burn, it muſt be extinguiſhed and annihilated: So in God, all is Action, Life, and Motion: He is a conſuming Fire

(*Heb.* xii. 29.) as he says himself. Wherever he is, he does all, and as he is every where, he does every thing in all Places. He brings forth, as we have seen, a perpetual Creation of all Bodies, a Creation continually renew'd. No less does he in every Instant create all free and intelligent Creatures; 'tis he who gives them Reason, Will, Good-Will, the different Degrees of Conformity of Will to his own; for he gives, as St. *Paul* says, to will and to do. *Phil.* ii. 13.

DIRECTIONS

FOR A

HOLY LIFE,

And the attaining

Chriſtian Perfection.

By the Archbiſhop of CAMBRAY,

Recommended to the ſerious Peruſal of the Lovers of Truth, and Profeſſors of the Chriſtian Name of every Denomination.

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DIRECTIONS FOR A HOLY LIFE.

I.

THE principal Inſtrument or Means of our Perfection, is contained in this one Expreſſion of God to *Abraham*; *Walk in my Preſence, and be thou Perfect* *.

II.

The Preſence of God calms the Mind, gives ſweet Repoſe and Quiet, even in the Midſt of our daily Labours; but then we muſt be reſign'd to him without any Reſerve.

* *Geneſis* xvii. 1. The Words of the Text are, *Walk before me and be thou perfect*; but the Author's Words in *French* are, *Marchez en ma Preſence, & vous ſerez parfait.* Walk in my Preſence, and you ſhall be Perfect.

When

III.

When we have found God, there is nothing worth looking for in Men: We muſt then give up our very beſt Friends; for the good Friend is in the Heart, the Spouſe who is jealous, and will have every thing elſe put out.

IV.

It does not require a great deal of Time to love God, to draw near and enjoy his Preſence, to lift up our Heart to him, or to adore him at the Bottom of our Heart, nor to make him an Offering of what we do and ſuffer; for the very *Kingdom of God is within us* *, which nothing can moleſt.

V.

When the Hurry and Diſtraction of the Senſes, and the Roving of the Imagination, hinder us from getting into a quiet and compoſed Frame of Mind, let us at leaſt calm ourſelves by the Integrity of our Will; and the very Deſire of a Compoſure does in a manner prove a ſufficient one. We muſt alſo

* Luke xvii. 21.

turn

turn our Minds inward to God, and do whatſoever he would have us, with a pure and upright Intention.

VI.

We muſt endeavour, from time to time, to excite in us a Deſire to be devoted and reſign'd to God, with all the Powers and Faculties of the Soul; that is to ſay, to contemplate him with our Mind, and with our Will to love him: Let us alſo deſire, that our Senſes may be conſecrated to him in all their Operations.

VII.

Let us take care we be not occupied too long, either Outwardly or Inwardly, about unprofitable Things, which create ſuch Diſtractions both of Heart and Mind, and draw them ſo much out of themſelves, that 'tis with Difficulty they can be brought again to be Inward enough to find God.

VIII.

As ſoon as we feel that ſome foreign Object gives us Pleaſure and Joy, let us withdraw our Heart from it; and that the Heart may not take up its Reſt in it, let us preſently ſhew

shew it its true Object, and *sovereign Good*, that is, God himself. If we are but faithful in ever so small a Degree, to wean ourselves Inwardly from the Creatures, so as to hinder them from resting in the Heart, which God has reserved to himself, there to be honoured, adored, and loved, we shall quickly taste that pure Joy, which God never fails to give a Soul, that is free and disengaged from all worldly Affections.

IX.

When we perceive in ourselves a strong and very eager Desire after any thing whatsoever, and find that our Humour and Inclination carries us too precipitately to do any thing, be it only to say something, to see an Object, or go any where; let us strive to moderate ourselves, and request of God, that he would stay the Precipitation of our Thoughts, and the Commotion we are under, because he has said, that his Spirit abides not in Hurry and Commotion.

X.

Let us take great Care, we do not concern and busy ourselves too much with what others say and do, and that we let it not too much into our Minds; for it is a great Cause and Source of Disturbance.

As

XI.

As soon as we perceive what it is God requires of us, in any Particular that presents itself, let us stick to that, and withdraw ourselves from every thing else: By that Means we shall always preserve a Freedom and Evenness of Soul, and shall cut off a great many needless Things, which encumber the Mind and hinder it from turning easily to God.

XII.

An excellent Means of keeping ourselves in an inward Quiet and Freedom of Spirit is, at the finishing of every Action, to bound there all Reflections arising from it; the Respects and Regards of Self-Love, sometimes from vain Joy, and sometimes from Grief; because this is one of our greatest Evils. Happy is the Man who retains nothing in his Mind but what is Necessary, and who only thinks of each thing just when it is the Time to think of it; so that 'tis rather God who excites the Perception and Idea of it, by an Impression and Discovery of his Will, which we must perform, than the Mind's being at the Trouble to forecast and find it.

XIII.

Let us accuſtom ourſelves to have our Minds inwardly recollected in the Day-time, and during the Courſe of our Employments, by looking ſingly to God: By that, let us ſtill all the Commotions of our Heart, as ſoon as we perceive it diſturbed and moved: Let us forſake all Pleaſures which come not from God; put away all vain Thoughts and wild Imaginations, and ſpeak no idle Words: Let us ſeek God within us, and we ſhall infallibly find him, and with him, Joy and Peace.

XIV.

In our outward Occupations, let us be occupied more with God than all the reſt: To do them well, we muſt do them as in his Preſence, and for his Sake: At the Sight of God's *Majeſty*, a Calmneſs and Serenity ſhould poſſeſs our Soul. One Word of our Saviour's, in Time paſt, inſtantly calmed a boiſterous and raging Sea; and now one Look of his towards us, and of ours towards him, ſhould every Day do the like.

We

XV.

We muſt often lift up our Heart to God: He will purify, enlighten and direct it. 'Twas the daily Practice of the holy Prophet *David*; *I have ſet*, ſays he, *the Lord always before me* *. Let us alſo frequently repeat to ourſelves theſe beautiful Expreſſions of the ſame Prophet: *Whom have I in Heaven but thee? There is none upon Earth that I deſire beſides thee. God is the Strength of my Heart, and my Portion for ever* †.

XVI.

We need not ſtay for leiſure Hours to ſhut the Door and retire; for the Moment in which we regret the Want of Retirement, is enough to bring us into it. We muſt turn our Hearts towards God in a ſimple and familiar Manner, and with great Aſſurance. The moſt broken Minutes are good at all Times, even when at Meals, and when others are ſpeaking. Unprofitable and tedious long Stories and Relations, inſtead of tiring, may relieve us, by affording ſome Interval of inward Retirement. Thus all Things turn to Good to thoſe who love God.

* Pſ. xvi. 8. † Pſ. lxxiii. 25, 26.

XVII.

We ſhould often read ſuch Books as are fitting and proper for our State and Condition; and in reading, frequently ſtop and make a Pauſe, to give Place to the Spirit that inwardly draws the Mind. Two or three plain and ſimple Words, but full of the Spirit of God, are the hidden Manna; and tho' we forget the Words, yet they operate ſecretly, and the Soul is fed and nouriſhed by them.

XVIII.

We muſt endeavour to have a continual Correſpondence and Fellowſhip with God. Let us be perſuaded, that the moſt profitable and deſirable State in this Life, is that of *Chriſtian Perfection*, which conſiſts in the Union of the Soul with God; an Union that includes in it all ſpiritual Good; a Familiarity with God ſo great, that no two Friends upon Earth converſe oftner together, nor with greater Endearment, Freedom, Eaſe, and openneſs of Heart; a wonderful Liberty of Spirit, that raiſes us above all Events and Changes in Life, and that frees us from the Tyranny of human Reſpect; an extraordinary

Power

Power for the well performing all our Actions, and acquitting ourſelves well in our Employments; a Prudence truly Chriſtian in all our Undertakings; a Peace and perfect Tranquillity in all Conditions; and, in ſhort, a continual Victory over Self-Love, and our Paſſions.

XIX.

This is the happy State to which we are called; we, whom God hath ſeparated from the Corruptions of the World. If we do not partake of theſe Heavenly Bleſſings, 'tis our own Fault; ſince the Spirit of God diſpoſes and excites us continually to aſpire after them. But we reſiſt him often, either by open Repugnance or ſecret Refuſal, or for want of Reſolution and Courage; or letting ourſelves be deceived willingly by the Pretexts and Artificies of *Self-Love*, that begets in us abundance of mean Indulgences and wrong Managements. Let us no more be ſeduced thereto, but, as ſaith the Apoſtle, *Walk circumſpectly, not as Fools, but as Wiſe, redeeming the Time, becauſe the Days are Evil* *.

* Eph. v. 15, 16.

Lettre ſur la Verité de la Religion, par FENELON, *Archeveque duc de* Cambray.

ON n'a rien de ſolide à oppoſer aux Véritez de la Religion. Il y en a un grand Nombre des plus Fondamentales qui ſont conformes à la Raiſon. On ne les rejette que par orgueil, que par un Libertinage d'Eſprit, que par goût des Paſſions, & par la crainte de ſubir un joug trop gênant.

Par Exemple, il eſt facile de voir que nous ne nous ſommes pas faits nous-mêmes; que nous avons commencé à être ce que nous n'étions pas il y a cent Ans; que notre Corps, dont la matiere eſt pleine de reſorts ſi bien concertez, ne peut être que l'ouvrage d'un puiſſance & d'une induſtrie merveilluſe; que l'Univers découvre dans toutes ſes Parties l'art de l'ouvrier ſuprême qui l'a formé; que notre foible Raiſon eſt à tout moment redreſſée au dedans de nous, par une autre Raiſon ſuperieure, que nous conſultons, & qui nous corrige; que nous ne pouvons changer parcequ'elle eſt immuable, & qui nous change, parceque nous en avons beſoin; tous la conſultent en tout lieu. Elle répond à la Chine comme en France, & dans

A Letter on the Truth of Religion, by FENELON, *Archbiſhop of* Cambray.

THERE is nothing of Weight to be oppoſed to the Truths of Religion: A great Number of its moſt fundamental Truths are agreeable to Reaſon; and none reject them but through Pride, or a Libertine Mind, or elſe through a Love of Senſuality, and a Fear of being too much curb'd in their Pleaſures.

For Inſtance, 'tis eaſy to perceive, 1ſt. That we did not make ourſelves. 2dly, That we were not in being about a hundred Years ago. 3dly. That our Bodies, made up of ſo great a variety of Motions, muſt be the Work of ſome wonderful Power and Wiſdom. 4thly, That the Univerſe diſcovers the Maker in all its Parts. 5thly, That our feeble Reaſon is continually ſet to rights by another *ſuperior Reaſon*, which we conſult within ourſelves and which corrects us: This Reaſon we cannot change, becauſe 'tis immutable, but it changes us, becauſe we have need of it; all conſult this every where. It anſwers in China as in France and America; It does

not

dans la Amerique. Elle ne ſe diviſe point en ſe communiquant : Ce qu'elle me donne de ſa Lumiere n'ôte rien a ceux qui en étoient déja remplis. Elle ſe prête à tout moment ſans meſure, & ne s'épuiſe jamais. C'eſt un *Soleil* dont la Lumiere éclaire les Eſprits, comme le Soleil éclaire les Corps. Cette Lumiere eſt éternelle & immenſe : Elle comprend tous les tems comme tous les lieux. Elle n'eſt point moi, puis qu'elle me reprend & me corrige malgré moi-même. Elle eſt donc audeſſus de moi, & audeſſus de tous les Hommes foibles & imparfaits, comme je le ſuis. Cette Raiſon ſuprême, qui eſt la regle de la mienne ; cette Sageſſe de laquelle tout Sage reçoit ce qu'il a ; cette Source ſupérieure de Lumiere d'ou nous puiſſons tout, eſt le Dieu que nous cherchons. Il eſt par lui même, & nous ne ſommes que par lui. Il nous a fait ſemblables à lui, c'eſt à dire raiſonables, a fin que nous puiſſions le Connoitre comme la Verité Infinie, & l'Aimer comme l'immenſe Bonté. Voilà la Religion ; car la Religion eſt l'Amour. Aimer Dieu, & en communiquer l'Amour aux autres hommes, c'eſt exercer le Culte parfait.

Mais ce Culte d'Amour doit il être tellement concentré dans mon Coeur, que je n'en donne jamais aucun ſigne au dehors ? Helas ! s'il eſt vrai que j'aime, il me ſeroit impoſſible de taire mon Amour. L'amour ne veut qu'aimer,

not divide itſelf in communicating itſelf: The Light which it gives me takes nothing from thoſe who were before filled with it. It communicates itſelf at all Times immeaſurably, and is never exhauſted. It is a Sun, whoſe Light enlightens Minds, as the outward Sun does Bodies. This Light is Eternal and Immenſe; it comprehends all Time as well as all Space. It is not myſelf, for it reproves and corrects me againſt my Will. It is then above me, and above all weak and imperfect Men as I am. This ſupreme Reaſon, which is the Rule of mine; this Wiſdom, from which every wiſe Man receives his; this ſuperior Spring of Light, from whence we draw all ours, is the God we ſeek. He is from himſelf, and we are not but by him: He has made us like to himſelf; that is, reaſonable, that we might know him as the Infinite Truth, and love him as the Immenſe Goodneſs: And this is Religion, for Religion is Love; for to love God, and to communicate thereof to others, is to exerciſe perfect Worſhip.

But is this Worſhip, which conſiſts in Love, to be kept ſo within my own Heart, that I let no Tokens thereof be ſeen outwardly? Alas! if it be true that I love, it will be impoſſible to keep it to myſelf. Love is for

qu'aimer, & faire que les autres aiment. Puis-je voir d'autres Hommes, que Dieu a fait pour lui ſeul, comme moi, & le leur laiſſer ignorer! Il a mis les Hommes enſemble dans une Societé où ils doivent s'aimer, & s' entre ſecourir comme les Enfans d'une même Famille, qui ont un Pere commun. Chaque Nation n'eſt qu'une Branche de cette Famille nombreuſe, qui eſt répanduë ſur la Face de toute la Terre. L'amour de ce Pere commun doit être ſenſible, manifeſt, & inviolablement regnant dans toute cette Societé de ces Enfans bien-aimez. Chacun d'eux ne doit jamais manquer de dire à ceux qui Naiſſent de lui, *Connoiſſez le Seigneur qui eſt votre Pere*. Ces Enfans de Dieu doivent publier ſes Bienfaits, chanter ſes Loüanges, l'annoncer à ceux qui l'ignorent, en rappeller le Souvenir à ceux qui l'oublient. Ils ne ſont ſur la Terre que pour connoitre ſa Perfection, & accomplir ſa Volonté; que pour ſe communiquer les uns aux autres cette Science, & cet Amour celeſte.

Que ſeroit ce, ſi cette Famille étoit en Societé ſur tout le reſte, ſans y être pour le Culte d'un ſi bon Pere? Il faut donc qu'il y ait entr'eux une Societé de Culte de Dieu; c'eſt ce qu'on nomme *Religion*; c'eſt-a-dire, que tous ces Hommes doivent s'inſtruire, s'edifier, s'aimer les uns les autres, pour aimer & ſervir le Pere commun. Le Fond de cette Religion ne conſiſte

ever loving and would make others love. Can I ſee other Men whom God has made for himſelf as well as me, and let them want the Knowledge of this Love! God has placed Men in Society together, where they out to love and ſuccour one another as Children of the ſame Family, who have one common Father. Each Nation is only a Branch of this numerous Family ſpread over the Face of the Earth. The Love of this common Father ought to be felt and plainly ſeen, and inviolably reigning in this Society of his beloved Children. Each of them ought never to omit ſaying to his Offſpring, *Know the Lord who is your Father.* Theſe Children of God ought to publiſh his good Acts, to ſing his Praiſe, to declare him to thoſe who are ignorant of him, and to bring him to the Remembrance of thoſe who forget him. They are here on Earth for no other End, but to know his Perfection and to accompliſh his Will, and to communicate to one another this Knowledge and heavenly Love.

What would it be then to ſee this Family in Fellowſhip above all others, without the Worſhip of ſo good a Father? There muſt be then a Fellowſhip amongſt them of the Worſhip of God: This is called *Religion*, which is as much as to ſay, all Men ought to inſtruct, to edify and to love one another, in order to love and ſerve their common Father. The

siste dans aucune Ceremonie exterieure, car elle consiste tout entiere dans l'intelligence du Vrai, & dans l'amour du Bien souverain ; mais ces Sentimens interieurs ne peuvent être sinceres, sans être mis comme en Societé parmi les Hommes par des Signes certains & sensibles. Il ne suffit pas de connoitre Dieu, il faut montrer qu'on le connoit, & faire ensorte qu'aucun de nos Freres n'ait le malheur de l'ignorer, de l'oublier. Ces Signes sensibles de Culte sont ce qu'on appelle *les Ceremonies de la Religion.* Ces Ceremonies ne sont que des Marques par lesquelles les Hommes sont convenus de s'édifier mutuellement, & de reveiller les uns dans les autres le Souvenir de ce Culte qui est au dedans.

Dieu ne se paie ni du Bruit des Lévres, ni de la Posture du Corps, ni des Cérémonies extérieurs. Ce qu'il demande c'est une Volonté qui ne soit plus partagée entre lui & aucune Créature. C'est une Volonté souple dans ses Mains, qui ne desire & ne rejette rien, qui veuille sans reserve tout ce qu'il veut, & qui ne veuille jamais sous aucun Prétexte rien de tout ce qu'il ne veut pas.

O que la Pieté, quand elle est prise par le Principe Fondamental de la Volonté de Dieu, sans consulter le Gout, ni le Temperament, ni

les

Ground of this Religion does not consist in any exterior Ceremony, for it entirely consists in the Knowledge of the Truth, and the Love of the Sovereign Good: But these inward Sentiments can never be sincere, but they must be made to communicate themselves in a Fellowship with other Men, by certain and sensible Signs. It is not sufficient to know God, we must let it be seen that we know him, and as much as in us lies, see that not one of our Brethren be so unhappy as to be ignorant of him, or to forget him. These sensible Signs of Worship are what one calls the *Ceremonies of Religion*. These Ceremonies are only Marks by which Men are agreed mutually to edify one another, and to revive in one another the Remembrance of that Worship which is inward.

God is not taken with the Sound of the Lips, nor the Posture of the Body, nor with exterior Ceremonies. What he requires, is a Will that is not divided betwixt him and any Creature: 'Tis a Will that is pliant in his Hands, which neither desires or rejects any thing, but without Reserve desires all that he wills, and upon no Pretence whatsoever desires any thing that he will not have.

O when Piety is taken by this fundamental Handle of the Will of God, without consulting Inclination, Temper, or the Fits of an immoderate

les Saillies d'un Zéle exceſſif, eſt ſimple, doux, commode, aimable, diſcrette & ſeure dans toutes ſes Démarches ! On vit à peu prés comme les autres gens, ſans Affectation ſans Apparence d'Auſterité, d'une Maniere ſociable & aiſée ; mais avec une Sujettion perpétuel à tous ſes Devoirs ; mais avec un Renoncement ſans relache à tout ce qui n'entre point d'un moment à l'autre dans l'Ordre de Dieu ſur nous ; enfin avec une vue pure de Dieu, à qui on ſacrifie tous les Mouvemens irréguliers de la Nature. Voila l'Adoration en Eſprit & en Verité que Jeſus Chriſt & ſon Pére cherchent. Tout le Reſte n'eſt qu'une Religion en Cérémonie, & plutot l'Ombre que la Verité du Chriſtianiſme.

FIN.

rate Zeal, how ſimple and mild, commodious, lovely, diſcreet, and ſafe it is in all its Steps! We live much as other People live, but without Affectation, or an Appearance of Auſterity, in a ſociable and eaſy Manner; but in a perpetual Subjection to all our Duties, with a conſtant Denial of every thing that enters not time after time into the Order of God concerning us. In fine, we live as in the Sight of God, to whom we ſacrifice all the irregular Motions of Nature. This is the Worſhip in Spirit and in Truth, which Jeſus Chriſt and his Father ſeek. All the reſt is but a Religion in Ceremony, and rather the Shadow than the Truth of Chriſtianity.

FINIS.

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